SERVE TO TURN THE PLOT IN A MODERN MELODRAMA.

"The Life of an Actress," as Shown at the American, Reveals Also the Influence of Spring Chicken and Fruit Cake at a Real Champagne Wine Party.

When Mr. Jeff Fairfield smote Mr. Harold Hilton over the head with a bunch of violets at the American Theatre early yesterday afternoon and knocked him out not a soul in all that great audience raised a hand to prevent it. In fact there were many cries of "Good for you, Jeff," and "Served him right," for leff Fairfield was a diamond in the rough and Harold Hillon was one of those varmints that have led so many trusting young actresses to their ruin-usually quite some time before the first act begins. As a rule the victims of these reptyles of Harold Hil ons are wearing black right before your eyesabout five minutes after the orchestra has extracted all the poison from the William Tell overture and has stepped around the corner to the Dutchman's.

But the chastisement of Harold Hilton was welcomed on all hands also for the reason that it solved one of the problems set forward in "The Life of an Actress." Mr. Fairfield had brought those violets all the way from Kaintucky, suh, for the avowed purpose of presenting them to Miss Mary Melrose, the good young actress with whom be was in love, and when Mr. Edward Temnle, at whose theatre Miss Melrose was the star, forbade him entrance to that young person's presence, everybody wondered what Mr. Fairfield could possibly find to do with those modest violets so far from home. Because everybody thought that the only thing that could be done with violets was to give them to an actress. But all speculation was set at rest when Mr. Fairfield used them for the purpose of

beating Mr. Hilton into insensibility. Now nobody who realizes what pitfalls surround the feet of young and attractive actresses can deny that Mr. Temple meant it for the best when he ordered his stage decrkeeper to exclude all strangers from the mystic area behind the footlights, and as everybody whom Mr. Temple could bounce if he chose stood much in awe of him his word was pretty nearly law.

but not quite. For did not Mr. Fairfield get in? He did. And with the lethal violets too. You couldn't hit Mr. Hilton anywhere without skinning your fist on a revolver, so that it would have been hepeless to attack him with anything but violets. Wherefore Miss Mary Metrose was anyed for the first time.

wicklets. Wherefore Miss Mary Metrose was saved for the first time.

Miss Mary Metrose was the main scream at the Temple Theatre, it appeared, and when she came to her dressing room, flushed with innocent pride in her alt, the roars of approval from the delighted stage-hands followed her. You could almost see the mermaids rising from the tank. You could almost small the elsphants—it was just that natural. And then came the avil Harold Hillon with a pocketful of Designs. And then came too the murderous violets and Mary was saved.

So Mary went immediately to a supperparty that was given the same night in a Private Room by Mr. Hilton. Here another and more subtle danger assailed her. They offered her champagne wine. There

other and more subtle danger assailed her. They offered her champagne wine. There wasn't anything to eat at this supper party and nothing to drink but champagne wine, but even at that Mary refused to drink. She said that champagne wine had lured many a trusting get to her ruin. But just because they made so much fuss about it she consented to take just one lure. And you feared, ves, you very much feared, that Mary was in for a stew. For it did not surprise you in the least to learn that Harold Hitron had drugged that glass of champagne wine.

champagne wine.

But just here Mr. Temple did a very characteristic thing, a thing that shows how deep is this playwright's insight into human nature. Stepping forward boldly, with a sweeping gesture, Mr. Temple cried in truly manly tones:

"She shall not touch a drop of that hellish stuff!"

To prove it he dashed the glass to the floor, and hang the expense. Well, that Harold Hillan didn't like it. "You shall pay for this," he said, and it did seem foolish to quarrel over nothing more expensive than one little glass of champagne wine. But Mr. Temple he said he didn't care. He was very brave.

So Mary sidestepped the sosh but luck was against her, for only a moment later who should come into that private room but her Paw and her Maw from Griggsby Station, Kaintucky, suh, come to the big city jest a puppuse fer t' see their gal, and the instinct of a mother led them unerringly to that Private Room. Well, they don't see her at first because Mary, fearful of what Paw and Maw would think if ever they saw her in company with all that champagne wine, uses Nan Warrington, a wicked actress who has tried to help lure her on, as a barricade. Several strong three-year-olds in cade. Several strong three-year-olds in the audience wept bitterly at the pathetic scene that was then enacted. It seems that Paw and Maw had brought a basketful of homemade goodies for their, gal, as here

Paw-An' here's one uv our own spring chickens. I guess she'll be tickled with thet. Mary-(aside, weeping)-Oh, my God! Paw-An' here's a fruit cake thet Maw baked herself.

Mary - Fruit cake! Oh, my God! Paw-An' what you reck'n I got here, eh? A punkin pie!

Mary -Punkin pie! Oh, my God! My God!
And then it was that that not le girl broke
away from that Nan Warrington and hugged
her Paw and Maw and acknowledged them
right there before all those souses. Yessir-ee!

her Paw and Maw and acknowledged them right there before all those souses. Yessir-ee!

So everybody went away and left. Mr. Temple with that Nan Warrington, and when he says he guesses he will be going, having to be careful of his reputation, that Warrington woman says she guesses Mr. Temple will stay a while with her. She used to be good enough for Mr. Temple, didn't she? Well, she's good enough now. It's a pity she doesn't go into particulars more because as it is there's a smirch left on the memory of Mr. Temple. But anyhow, smirch or no smirch, he says let me pass, woman; and she, with all the rage of the woman scorned, snares one of those champagne wine bottles and soaks Mr. Temple over the head and he curls right up and dies. Well, wine is a mocker and strong drink rages.

Well, that Mr. Temple must be a strong man, but as he gets beaten to a pulp nine times a week, and more too when there's a holiday, it's likely that he gets used to it. It was hard to see just how that Nan Warrington was going to throw suspicion on Mary, but she did it all right, displaying a recoursefulness worthy of a better cause. She telephoned Mary to come over and cheer her up because she was so-o lone-scene. Them ahe pulled the table over that well beaten Mr. Temple, stuck in his hand a handkerchief of Mary's that she happened to have and waited. Pretty soon Mary came and that Nan Warrington went away from there to somewhere else and looked her in and sent the police. And if Jeff Pairfield hadn't come in just then with an arsenal they would undoubtedly have arrested that innecent young woman. So of course everybody went down to Griggsby Station, Ky., everybody but Mr. Temple, of course everybody went down to Griggsby Station, Ky., everybody but Mr. Temple, of course is still sore about that beating he got with the violets, he tells the detectives she is snooping about there somewhere.

But to return to that champagne wine party. There was a wayside unfortunate

somewhere.
But to return to that champagne wine party. There was a wayside unfortunate named Hazel Deene, who was one of that Harold Hillon's victims whom he laughed to scorn. It was the instinct of the mother that led Maw Griggaby to that Private Room, but the instinct of revenge led Hazel Deene

there, where she was just in time to the arthat Nan Warrington's hellish plot against Mary. She didn't say anything about it when the police came because she had a date at that time to go to a Turkish bath, but when she happened to be strolling past that sawmill by moonlight at Griggsby Castion, Kentucky, and saw that Harold Hilton she told him what she knew and what she intended to tell others if he didn't strapher to that woodsawyer's carriage, just like her to that woodsawyer's carriage, just like they do in "Blue Jeans," and run her onto that buzz saw without any more nonsense. So he done it. Or he would have done it So he done it. Or he would have done it if Jeff Fairfield hadn't come in and let that Harold Hillon's soul out between the fourth

Harold Hillon's soul out between the fourth and the fifth ribs.

But still the police don't find out the truth and Mary has strength and kerridge enough to escape them and get back to the big city. And by and by Hazel Deene finishes her tour of the Florida winter resorts, comes back to town, fixes up her flat, hires her chauffeur for the winter, and then one day, being hard up for something to do, she goes and tells the fool police, who would have known it all along if they hadn't been policemen.

So they arrest that Nan Warrington and take her off to the police station on account of her having murdered that Mr. Temple. And everybody seems quite confident that she will be severely reprimanded. It all goes to prove, as that Mr. Temple told that Nan Warrington just before she beat him up with the champagne wine bottle, that:

bottle, that

"Silks and satins do not make the woman, nor can they conceal the blackness of your

TOBACCO TRUST'S SECRET DEAL. Furnished Money to Start a Company

Wh . Posed as Independent The preliminary hearing before Commisioner Shields in the Government's suit against the tobacco trust was resumed yesterday with Vice-President Dula again

James C. McReynolds of counsel for the Government continued the reading of letters which Mr. Dula was called upon to interwhich Mr. Dula was called upon to interpret. Several of these letters referred to the affairs of the Queen City Tobacco Company of Cincinnati, the organization of which Mr. Dula admitted he had arranged, putting a man in charge who was represented to be independent. The American Tobacco Company furnished the money for the deal and the connection was kept a

the deal and the connection was kept a secret. J. L. Richards of Boston was the supposed backer of the company.

In a letter written to Mr. Dula by W. Galbraith, Jr., manager of the Queen City company, the writer said that his only fear was that the connection would "in some way leak out." He advised that all future correspondence should be conducted under a secured agrees and that the financial busiassumed names and that the financial busi-ness should be transacted through the Boston man.

"The union is out for blood," says the writer, "as they suspect they are being used by the trust. I have told them we have absolutely no connection. We will have to be very careful or the connection will be appeared."

Carmania Off, Two Days Late.

The Cunard steamship Carmania, which grounded in Ambrose Channel on Saturday and was forced to return to port to replenish her fresh water supply, sailed from Quarantine yesterday morning for Queenstown and Liverpool. Her pilot decided, apparently, to take no more chances in the new, wide fairway, and steered the liner out through the main ship channel. She cleared Sandy Hook bar at 9:15, two days behind her sailing schedule

OBITUARY.

Obadiah S. Boyden, first born and last urviving son of the late Seth Boyden, the ventor, died at the Essex County Hospital for the Insane vesterday in his ninetieth year. He had been in that institution since September, 1908. Mr. Boyden was born and raised in Newark. After leaving school he entered his father's shop. He left it after a short time to learn the leather business and at one time he conducted a patent leather shop. He went to California with his father in 1848 by way of the Isthmus of Panama. He entered the foundry business on his return and enlisted when the call for volunteers in the civil war was made. He married twice and survived both wives. Of his five children only one of them is known to be living. She is Mrs. Abram Crawford of Newark. for the Insane vesterday in his ninetieth year.

Newark.

Peter Hellwege, a prominent banker of New Orleans, died yesterday at his country home at Waveland, Miss. He was a native of Nevenfelt, Germany, and was 64 years old. He came to New tork as a young man, lived here for several years and moved to New Orleans after the war. After a successful career as a cotton merchant he embarked in the banking business in 1904, when he established the Orleans Bank, of which he was president. He was also president of the Hancock County Bank at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and of banks at Pass Christian, Miss., and Pearlington, Miss.

1. Foyler Smith died on Sunday at his

and Pearlington, Miss.

J. Foyler Smith died on Sunday at his home, 129 St. Marks place, Brooklyn, in his ninety-third year. He served in the civil war with the 106th New York Volunteers and for several years was employed in the delivery department of the New York Post Office. He was a member of Winchester Post, 6: A. R. He was one of the "Argonauts of '49," going around Cape Horn in a schooner with twenty-live others to California. He leaves two sons, three grandchildren and three greatgrandchildren.

grandchildren.

Mariha McClymont Marlor, wife of George W. Marlor, Deputy Assistant United States Treasurer and cashier of the local Subtreasury, died yesterday at their home. Bosele, N. J. In addition to her husband, surviving relatives are a son and two daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Marlor celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their wedding less than two weeks ago. A complication of diseases, arising after a short illness, was the cause of death.

William Stephen Beyan, a manufacturer

diseases, arising after a snort liness, was the cause of death.

William Stephen Bevan, a manufacturer and inventor, who had been a resident of the Bedford district in Brooklyn for thirty years, died on Saturday at his home, 829 Gafes avenue, in his sixty-third year. He was a civil war veteran and a member of Winchester Post, 6. A. B. He leaves a son and daughter. Otis Henry Wilmarth died yesterday at his home, 30 St. Felix street, Brooklyn, in his eighty-third year. He had been engaged in the cutlery business until a few years ago. He was formerly prominent in amateur musical circles in Brooklyn. He leaves a son and three daughters.

JAMES HENRY STODDART DEAD

SECOND STROKE OF PARALYSIS KILLS THE VETERAN ACTOR.

The First Attack Compelled Him to Retire in 1905 After Nearly Six Decades on the Stage-He Won Fame and the Friendship of Many Famous Players.

James Henry Stoddart, the actor, died yesterday morning at his home on Cliff road, Sewaren, N. J. He was 80 years old. With him at the time of his death were his son, Thomas A. Stoddart, and his daughter, Mary C. Stoddart.

Mr. Stoddart had not been on the stage since April, 1905, when he was stricken with paralysis while on tour at Galt, Ont., in his play "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." After an illness of seven weeks in Galt he was able to return to Sewaren. His son and daughter went to live with him there. He died of the effects of a second stroke of paralysis.

The funeral will be from the house at Sewaren on Wednesday.

Mr. Stoddart earned his greatest fame as a member of the Union Square Theatre stock company and played under the management of the late A. M. Palmer, with Charles Thorne, Stuart Robson, Rose Eytinge, J. M. Polk, James O'Neill, Sara Jewett and other actors who won renown for that organization. He had acted in New York before those days, but they comprised the golden years of his career. When A. M. Palmer moved to the Madison Square and then to Wallack's Mr. Stoddart was among his players. Later he acted with Charles Frohman and finally became a star in 1901 in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

He was born in Yorkshire on October 13. 1827, and with his five brothers began to follow the profession of his father, a well known English actor of the day, as soon as he was old enough to stand up. He went as a lad to Glasgow and later to Aberdeen, where at the age of 1 he decided to stick to the stage. His Scotch accent, which he afterward found it difficult to overcome, was acquired in the days of his sojourn in Scotland, although he was of

sojourn in Scotland, although he was of English origin.

After playing for four years in Liverpool he came to New York in 1854 and made his first appearance at Wallack's Theatre, playing a small part in "A Phenomenou in a Smock Frock." There were other players in the company that overshadowed the young Englishman. Laura Keene, E. A. Sothern, Dion Boucicault, Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. John Wood were his associates in those early days. It was at the Olympic Theatre in Boucicault's "The Long Strike" that his performance of Lawyer Moneypenny gained him a reputation he never any gained him a reputation he never

when Stoddart became a member of the When Stoddart became a member of the Union Square Company it was supposed that he would play the comic rôles with which his reputation had theretofore been identified. But Stuart Robson was still a member of the organization and had the call on those parts. So Mr. Stoddart found himself compelled to play the villain. In a long series of these extending from "Rose Michel" to "The Lights of London" he made his reputation as an actor of eccentric parts. Michel" to "The Lights of London" he made his reputation as an actor of eccentric parts. He continued in these parts under A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square and at Wal-lack's in "Saints and Sinners" and "Ala-bama." He was later submerged in Lon-don mylodrama until he became a star in the last meaning of the word a few years

Mr. Stoddart met during his association Mr. Stoddart met during his association with James Wallack's company Matilda Phillips, whom he subsequently married. He had never travelled to any extent until the late '80s, and his domestic life was ideally happy. He lived for some years at Rahway while a member of the Union Square company, and daily made the trip to the city, returning after the performance. In spite of this difficulty, he is said never to have missed a performance. His sojourn in Rahway was the result of an attempt to establish a fruit farm. He did not succeed in that, and lost all his earnings which he had invested. But he always said he was grateful for the opportunity to try country life. His children never followed his profession.

his profession.

Mr. Stoddart always enjoyed in a high degree the respect of his fellow players, and had lived on terms of intimate friendship had lived on terms of intimate friendship with many of the most noted men in his profession. His friendship with Joseph Jefferson dated from their appearance together in the Winter Garden in 1859. Eleven years ago Mr. Stoddart celebrated the sixty-seventh anniversary of his first appearance. He received a loving cup from a number of his friends, but from Joseph Jefferson a silver pitcher.

Mr. Stoddart realized that he did not possess the physical qualifications to act beroic

sess the physical qualifications to act heroic rôles, and from his first appearance as a mature actor played only old men's parts. Funeral of T. H. O'Nell. The funeral of T. H. O'Neil, manager of

the Lew Fields Company, was held yesterday from the family home, 204 West Eightieth street. The attendance of well known theatrical persons was very large, body was taken to Toronto for burial.

86,000 Fire in a Brooklyn Apartment House.

Fire was discovered in the cellar of the four story brownstone apartment house at 20 St. John's place, Brooklyn, at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The flames spread so rapidly that two alarms were sent in and before the flames were extinguished damage of \$6,000 had been done to the building and furniture of tenants. The building is owned by T. Eagan, who lived on the first floor. Assistant Fire Marshal Brophy is investigating the fire He thinks it was of incendiary origin.



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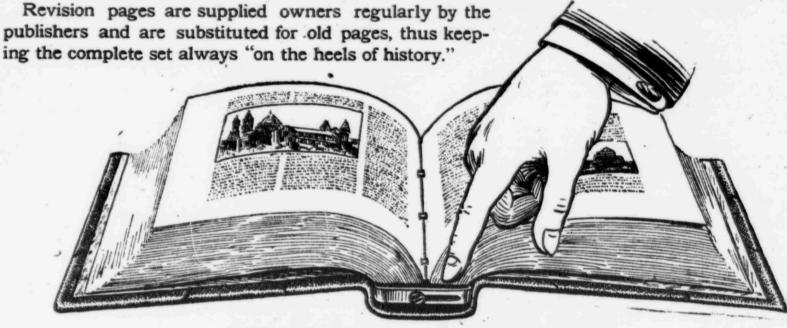
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